

*Tam.* Well hast thou lesson'd vs, this shall we do.  
But would it please thee good *Andronicus*,  
To send for *Lucius* thy thrice Valiant Sonne,  
Who leads towards Rome a Band of Warlike Gothes,  
And bid him come and banquet at thy house.  
When he is heere, euen at thy Solemne Feast,  
I will bring in the Empresse and her Sonnes,  
The Emperour himselfe, and all thy Foes,  
And at thy mercy shall they stoop, and kneele,  
And on them shalt thou ease, thy angry heart:  
What saies *Andronicus* to this deuise?

*Enter Marcus.*

*Tit.* *Marcus* my Brother, 'tis sad *Titus* calls,  
Go gentle *Marcus* to thy Nephew *Lucius*,  
Thou shalt enquire him out among the Gothes,  
Bid him repaire to me, and bring with him  
Some of the chiefeest Princes of the Gothes,  
Bid him encampe his Souldiers where they are,  
Tell him the Emperour, and the Empresse too,  
Feasts at my house, and he shall feast with them,  
This do thou for my loue, and so let him,  
As he regards his aged Fathers life.

*Mar.* This will I do, and soone returne againe.

*Tam.* Now will I hence about thy businesse,  
And take my Ministers along with me.

*Tit.* Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder stay with me,  
Or els Ile call my Brother backe againe,  
And cleaue to no reuenge but *Lucius*.

*Tam.* What say you Boyes, will you bide with him,  
Whiles I goe tell my Lord the Emperour,  
How I haue govern'd our determined iest?  
Yeeld to his Humour, smooth and speake him faire,  
And tarry with him till I turne againe.

*Tit.* I know them all, though they suppose me mad,  
And will ore-reach them in their owne deuises,  
A payre of cursed hell-hounds, and their Dam.

*Dem.* Madam depart at pleasure, leaue vs heere.

*Tam.* Farewell *Andronicus*, reuenge now goes  
To lay a complot to betray thy Foes.

*Tit.* I know thou doo'st, and sweet reuenge farewell.

*Chi.* Tell vs old man, how shall we be imploy'd?

*Tit.* Tut, I haue worke enough for you to doe,  
*Publius* come hither, *Caius*, and *Valentine*.

*Pub.* What is your will?

*Tit.* Know you these two?

*Pub.* The Empresse Sonnes

I take them, *Chiron*, *Demetrius*.

*Titus.* Pie *Publius*, he, thou art too much deceau'd,  
The one is Murder, Rape is the others name,

And therefore bind them gentle *Publius*,

*Caius*, and *Valentine*, lay hands on them,

Oft haue you heard me with for such an houre,

And now I find it, therefore binde them sure,

*Chi.* Villaines forbear, we are the Empresse Sonnes.

*Pub.* And therefore do we, what we are commanded.

Stop close their mouthes, let them not speake a word,

Is he sure bound, looke that you binde them fast. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Titus Andronicus with a knife, and Lavinia  
with a Basin.*

*Tit.* Come, come *Lavinia*, looke, thy Foes are bound,  
Sirs stop their mouthes, let them not speake to me,  
But let them heare what fearefull words I vtter.

Oh Villaines, *Chiron*, and *Demetrius*,  
Here stands the spring whom you haue stain'd with mud,  
This goodly Sommer with your Winter mixt,  
You kil'd her husband, and for that vil'd fault,  
Two of her Brothers were condemn'd to death,  
My hand cut off, and made a merry iest,  
Both her sweet Hands, her Tongue, and that more deere  
Then Hands or tongue, her spotlesse Chastity,  
Inhumaine Traytors, you constrain'd and for't.  
What would you say, if I should let you speake?  
Villaines for shame you could not beg for grace.  
Harke Wretches, how I meane to martyr you,  
This one Hand yet is left, to cut your throats,  
Whil'st that *Lavinia* tweene her stumps doth hold:  
The Basen that receiues your guilty blood.

You know your Mother meanes to feast with me,  
And calls herselfe Reuenge, and thinke me mad.  
Harke Villaines, I will grin'd your bones to dust,  
And with your blood and it, Ile make a Paste,  
And of the Paste a Coffin I will reare,  
And make two Pasties of your shamefull Heads,  
And bid that strumpet your vnhalloved Dan,  
Like to the earth swallow her increase.

This is the Feast, that I haue bid her to,  
And this the Banquet she shall surfet on,  
For worse then *Philonel* you vs'd my Daughter,  
And worse then *Pregne*, I will be reueng'd,  
And now prepare your throats: *Lavinia* come,  
Receiue the blood, and when that they are dead,  
Let me goe grin'd their Bones to powder small,  
And with this hatefull Liquor temper it,  
And in that Paste let their vil'd Heads be bakte,  
Come, come, be every one officious,  
To make this Banket, which I wish might proue,  
More sterne and bloody then the *Centraures* Feast.

So now bring them in, for Ile play the Cooke,  
And see them ready, gainst their Mother comes. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Lucius, Marcus, and the Gothes.*

*Luc.* Vnckle *Marcus*, since 'tis my Fathers minde  
That I repaire to Rome, I am content.

*Goth.* And ours with thine befall, what Fortune will.

*Luc.* Good Vnckle take you in this barbarous *Moor*,  
This Rauinous Tiger, this accursed deuill,

Let him receiue no sustenance, fetter him,

Till he be brought vnto the Emperours face,

For testimony of her foule proceedings.

And see the Ambush of our Friends be strong,

If ere the Emperour meanes no good to vs.

*Aron.* Some deuill whisper curses in my eare,

And prompt me that my tongue may vtter for th,

The Venemous Mallice of my swelling heart.

*Luc.* Away Inhumaine Dogge, Vnhalloved Slave,

Sirs, helpe our Vnckle, to conuey him in, *Flourish.*

The Trumpets shew the Emperour is at hand.

*Sound Trumpets. Enter Emperour and Empresse, with  
Tribunes and others.*

*Sat.* What, hath the Firemant more Suns then one?

*Luc.* What booties it thee to call thy selfe a Sonne?

*Mar.* Romes Emperour & Nephewe breake the parte

These quarrels must be quietly debated,

The Feast is ready which the careful *Titus*,

Hath

Hath ordained to an Honourable end,  
For Peace, for Loue, for League, and good to Rome:  
Please you therefore draw nie and take your places.

*Satur.* *Marcus* we will. *Hoboyes.*

*A Table brought in.*

*Enter Titus like a Cooke, placing the meat on  
the Table, and Lavinia with a viall over her face.*

*Titus.* Welcome my gracious Lord,

Welcome Dread Queene,

Welcome ye Warlike Gothes, welcome *Lucius*,

And welcome all: although the cheere be poore,

'Twill fill your stomachs, please you eat of it.

*Sat.* Why art thou thus attir'd *Andronicus*?

*Tit.* Because I would be sure to haue all well,

To entertaine your Highnesse, and your Empresse.

*Tam.* We are beholding to you good *Andronicus*?

*Tit.* And if your Highnesse knew my heart, you were:

My Lord the Emperour resolue me this,

Was it well done of rath *Virginius*,

To slay his daughter with his owne right hand,

Because she was enfor't, stain'd, and deflowr'd?

*Satur.* It was *Andronicus*.

*Tit.* Your reason, Mighty Lord?

*Sat.* Because the Girle, should not suruine her shame,

And by her presence still renew his sorrowes.

*Tit.* A reason mighty, strong, and effectually,

A patterne, president, and liuely warrant,

For me (most wretched) to performe the like:

Die, die, *Lavinia*, and thy shame with thee,

And with thy shame, thy Fathers sorrow die.

*He kills her.*

*Satur.* What hast done, vnnatural and vnkinde?

*Tit.* Kil'd her for whom my teares hate made me blind.

I am as wofull as *Virginius* was,

And haue a thousand times more cause then he.

*Sat.* What was she rauisht tell who did the deed,

*Tit.* Wilt please you eat,

Wilt please your Highnesse feed?

*Tam.* Why hast thou slaine thine onely Daughter?

*Titus.* Not I, 'twas *Chiron* and *Demetrius*,

They rauisht her, and cut away her tongue,

And they, 'twas they, that did her all this wrong.

*Satur.* Go fetch them hither to vs presently.

*Tit.* Why there they are both, bak'd in that Pie,

Whereof their Mother daintily hath fed,

Eating the flesh that she herselfe hath bred.

'Tis true, 'tis true, witness my kniues sharpe point.

*He stabs the Empresse.*

*Satur.* Die franticke wretch, for this accursed deed.

*Luc.* Can the Sonnes eye, behold his Father bleed?

There's meede for meede, death for a deadly deed.

*Mar.* You sad fac'd men, people and Sonnes of Rome,

By vapours fever'd like a flight of Fowle,

Scattered by windes and high tempestuous gusts:

Oh let me teach you how, to knit againe

This scattered Corne, into one mutuall sheafe,

These broken limbs againe into one body.

*Cath.* Let Rome herselfe be bane vnto herselfe,

And see whom mightie kingdomes curse too,

Like a forlorne and desperate castaway,

Doe shamefull execution on her selfe.

But if my frostie signes and chaps of age,

Grave witness of true experience,

Cannot induce you to attend my words,

Speake Romes deere friend, as 'erft our Auncestor,